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truth and beauty, which revealed this sublime principle of Art to the ancient Greeks, revealed it to the genius of Shakspeare; and the character of Hermione, in which we have the same largeness of conception and delicacy of execution—the same effect of suffering without passion, and grandeur without effort, is an instance, I think, that he felt within himself, and by intuition, what we study all our lives in the remains of ancient Art."

If the *Characteristics of Women* is owed to the imaginative perception of Mrs. Jameson, the two lectures on *Sisters of Charity* and *The Communion of Labor* have emanated from long-^{ed}tried feelings, and a mind where years, with their experience, have overruled the workings of the imagination, and have come to look at the great Theme of Woman, with insight more philanthropic than poetic. Such a character as Florence Nightingale has awarded a new significance to womanly nature. It shows that if her normal condition may be that of a wife and a mother, there is yet a contingency for the unwed, whereby humanity may gain, when the affections which are denied bestowal upon offspring, are expended upon the poor and miserable. Recent statistics show, that in our country the number of marriages among natives does not increase in the ratio of the population. Domestic happiness has become pecuniarily dear. As a consequence, there is a great increase of unwed women among us; and to preserve them from degradation, larger spheres of duty must be opened to them than have already been accessible. Labors that have been the duties of men must be shared between the sexes in a communion of labor. These are questions for the economist and humanitarian. They are to bear in mind that the bestowal of affections is a necessity of woman's nature. In this they have the agency to be used. They say, let it be bestowed upon the inmates of the hospitals, prisons, reform schools, almshouses, and what good can it accomplish? These are comparatively new offices for women in the Protestant situations. The healing power that the Romish church has exercised in this way is not seen, for the glaring ostentation of her dogmas. It was a reactionary result that the religious influence which made a saint before the Reformation, was held to be the result of a demoniac power afterwards, when men believed in witches. This was one aspect of the gulf widening between the two religions. Mrs. Jameson says:

"It was characteristic of the two diverging superstitions, that in the former age Dante conceived his Beatrice as the type of loving, wise, and spiritual womanhood, leading her lover into Paradise; while Milton's type of female attraction was Eve, the temptress to sin and death. The time is come, let us hope, when men have found out what we may truly be to them; not worshipping us as saints, or apostrophizing us as angels, or persecuting us as witches, or crushing us as slaves; revering us for that power we are allowed to possess, not jealous of it, nor throwing it into some indirect or unhealthy form; profiting by our tenderness, not oppressing us because of it; taking us to themselves as helpers in all social good, not

leaving our undirected energies to wear away our own lives, and, sometimes, trouble theirs."

If it has required centuries for the Protestant community to see what is the worth of womanly endurance and energy in these directions, and we are but just beginning to act upon our observation, the question of our motto—*Who isn't can read a woman?*—involves in its answer something more than the poet or dramatist can tell us, and we turn to the philanthropist, not, indeed, to be pointed to such schemes as are embraced under the name of Woman's Rights—a phrase that Mrs. Jameson justly despises—but to know where to find the Sisters of Charity, that the world must ever need, and where in our services to do good, we can look for assistance in a community of love and labor. W.

KNOTTY POINTS IN THE THREAD OF LIFE.

THERE is a constant disposition on the part of men of intellect and enterprise to congregate in large cities. The quietude of rural or village life has no charm for them, nor do the pursuits of either offer those grand though dangerous opportunities of becoming rich and notorious, that are to be found in large cities. Most men love notoriety, all men love wealth and the power it gives. To acquire either in the ordinary course of things is a matter of as much ambition as difficulty. Ambition can haunt and irritate the imagination of the weak and delicate; but difficulties can be alone overcome in the violent chase after worldly goods by the sinewy and muscular, by the bold, and oftentimes unscrupulous. As yet the light of science is not extended enough to enable any one to foresee the results of great commercial undertakings, and the ignorant, consequently are not inferior to the intelligent in conjecture or action. In fact, unthinking action is more required than thinking forbearance; and success is not proportioned to the amount of thought preceding it, but to the amount of thoughtless effort out of which it grows. Prudence is a virtue, but seldom an ingredient of worldly success. It may keep a man from heart-burning declensions on the scale of life, but will never carry him very near its apex. The acquisition of fortune is at best a lottery. Ticket high and you may gain enormously in the face of ninety-nine chances in a hundred of losing all. But losses are relative. All individual losses flow back into the general reservoir of the public, and apart from the temporary shifting from one to the other, the whole wealth of the community soon assumes its general tone and circulation. Chemistry shows that the vulgar notion of destruction is but figurative, but a decomposition of one form of matter, preliminary to the formation of another. Men wait over the loss of that which they never possessed except in their imagination, or by some barbarous combinations of figures to suit their diseased brains. Where the laws of things are not known, there is room for, and temptations to, gamble; and what is the whole business of the community

in its rapidly money-making tendencies but gambling. Does any man know the result of his undertakings before time has disclosed it; has he any control over the forces that may bring him defeat or victory? Out of every hundred that court the means of money-making are there over five that shake the fruit from the tree and retain it in their possession?

Money don't enrich, it is labor; labor properly directed and impelled by the enlightened principles of science. All labor is null, unless it is in keeping with the laws that govern matter; it is like the tinkering at a diseased body by an ignorant quack. The tinkering irritates, but brings no relief to the body; no regularity to its deranged functions. We have plenty of busy people, but few laborers to push a-head the great interests of the world. One man tortures his brain to discover good and bad means of making money; he makes it, but then it wickedly disappears in eating, drinking, smoking, dressing, and all other kinds of dissipation; so that his producing power is ingloriously swallowed up by his ignominious consuming power. Another man makes money by living like a beast, by an oblivious disregard of everything but material acquisition; of his wife and children he knows nothing beyond their bodily presence, or their pecuniary wants. He is dead to every moral or intellectual family or social claim, tramples over the highest culture as a hog over spring flowers, listens with itching self-importance to flattering tongues and pens, hears his name from the pulpit, sees it in the newspapers, believes himself to be a self-made man, upon whose shoulders the nation, if not the whole world, is dependently leaning. Yet his own family are wondering why he is so mean to them and liberal to the world; they conciliate his power while cursing it, and long for the day that must bury him and what they deem to be his brutal despotism. This man dies, and over his remains is nothing but a simulated grief, which waits but the conventional permission of the world to break out into boisterous rejoicing. His widow fights for her thirds, and abuses his ingratitude in not leaving her his whole fortune during her life, and the law for not granting her the privilege of willing it to whom she pleases at her death. The children curse the old fellow for not leaving more to them and less to the widow, who had, or ought to have had, a father of her own to provide a fortune for her. Thus, after the curses, conflicts, jealousies, and envies of the inheritors, and a liberal grant of a part of their inheritances to the wily lawyers, the pious clergyman, and the dolorous-looking undertaker, the whole estate is so shaped and divided, as to be individualized. To one pope, with one will and one kingdom, succeed a plurality of popes, a variety of wills and fractions of a kingdom. To each now is the right to consume, to none the will or the habit to produce, or even conserve; with advancing years come diminished pockets, and if the children of this old fellow do not die poor, or perhaps disgracefully, his grandchildren are sure to inherit little if anything, but poverty. Thus strangely, unaccountably is

the tangled thread of life constantly unwinding itself—thus are the members of one generation straining their muscles and nerves in accumulating that which in descending to the members of another generation is dissipated away, and entirely diverted from its original channel—thus are the laws of Nature, and those of the general economy of life, vindicated and conserved in making selfishly-directed individual efforts and ambitions subservient and auxiliary to general interests—thus, as each individual rivulet becomes exhausted and impoverished, the great ocean of life becomes fuller and more fertile—thus it may be said of fortunes as it has been said of poetical verses, that one or two hundred years after they have been made, their true value and application begin to be understood. Of the vulgar estimation of fortune it may be well said:

"Fortuna vitrea est; tum cum splendet, frangitur."

(*La fortune est de verre; plus elle brille, plus elle est fragile.*)

Every man laboring better serves himself and the world morally and materially by having fortune pass through his hands than by having it adhere to him, or concentrate itself around him, as rivers serve a nobler purpose through which water is constantly passing, than lakes into which it reposes itself. The essence of fortune, as of life itself, is motion, and motion, too, is in proportion to the amount of vitality out of which it grows. Men and women, however, must have idols to coquette with as well as to worship. Idolatry seems to cling to them in some shape or other, seems to be a part of their existence. For their ability to enjoy what they really possess is substituted a tantalizing desire for that which they do not possess, and which, if possessed, would but generate new seeds for new desires not less provoking.

Whip them out of one quagmire and they obstinately descend into another. Give them poverty and they sigh for riches, give them riches and they fester with satiety and ennui, give them occupation and they crave for leisure, give them leisure and they crave for excitement, give them excitement and their real wants are so transformed into artificial ones that with themselves, as well as with all other persons and things, they are in eternal conflict, in eternal warfare.

There is divinity in men and women, but it takes long ages, long labors, many and laborious instrumentalities of every kind to bring it out, and weld it into consistent principles of thought, feeling, and action. You will find men and women cobwebbed over with popular and accidentally inherited beliefs, but try to probe these actually dormant beliefs into vitality, try to give them a self-originating power and disposition, and they will lie before you like scattered weeds on the sea shore.

"Rudis indigestaque moles."

As the world now stands, as education is now pursued, as the human intellect is now constituted by the popular agencies around it at its birth and through the period of its growth, each generation serves as a cesspool into which

is emptied, to the exclusion of everything better, all the garbage of the generations that preceded it, and men are even officially appointed, and even anointed to carry this work forward, and to baptize it into a blessing. The few vigorous intellects that have risen, and do rise above this prostitution of our native faculties, pay the sad penalty of their naturally progressive natures by being crucified into that dowry of wisdom which comes from suffering. It is bad enough to procreatively inherit the infirmities and rottenness of our ancestors, bad enough to struggle under the sins which the unconsciousness of their moral obligations to us has entailed upon us, without having official men and sanctified institutions to rivet our chains, cast dust in our eyes, and strangle our best faculties in their germ. Walls of separation are built up between us and the things we ought to love, the charities we ought to cultivate, and the enlarged thoughts we ought to grow out of our minds. Words with us assume the gravity of things, they lie like an incubus upon our faculties, blast their healthy exercise, warp us into shrivelled bigots, dwarf the opening powers of our hearts, and render us drivelling idiots at the very portals of complete and enlightened manhood.

All these things darkly and startlingly come before us, although the earth is shaking under the ponderous machinery of material prosperity, success, and glory, although the ocean is covered with the wealth of nations, and the intellect is about to send its thoughts through the dark caverns of the eternal deep. But let us not despair! The ever swelling, ever increasing wave of progress, goes slowly, but perpetually on; through all its apparent halts, variations, and meanderings, its bright coronal is to be seen with the imperishable hopes and aspirations of humanity attached thereto.

BUBBLES.

Was there ever on this planet cheaper toy
Than a pipe and soap and water? O, what joy
Blowing bubbles in the sunlight, blue-eyed boy!

Worlds of wonder out of nothing thou hast made,
Spheres of beauty in the iris dyes arrayed;
Quickly fashioned, if they quickly fade.

Shame upon us! we tho' older now must own,
Counting all the cost of bubbles we have blown,
That the yield of joy was smaller than thine own.

Some have blown far beyond our reach, far on the wind;
Others quickly broke and left no grief behind,
As from each of thine that breaks, a tear we find.

Conqueror or prince, or poet—rich or poor,
King on throne, or lazar begging at the door,
Has but just such hope-fulfilment here,—no more.

Can it be that, in the golden light of heaven,
This fair earth so full of beauty morn and even,
Shall like these frail things to nothing too be driven?

So 'tis written, and we credit. "Papa, dear!
Will the bubbles break in heaven, as they do here?"
"No, my darling: there, the leaves are never sear." B.

Notes and Queries.

BENSON G. LOSSING, Esq., *Poughkeepsie.*

NEW YORK, 7th July, 1857.

DEAR SIR.—You requested me some time ago to communicate to you in writing as a matter worthy of historic preservation, the anecdote which I related to you respecting a small portrait of Washington, on the authority of the late John Pintard. There is so wide and strong an interest in all that relates to our great national hero, and of late especially in relation to his appearance and countenance as preserved by various artists, that in complying with your request, I shall take the liberty of doing it in print.

The late John Pintard is gratefully remembered in this city for his long connection with all our city interests, and his liberal and devoted services to many of our institutions—commercial, charitable, religious, and literary. During the Revolution he left Princeton College, where he was a student, to serve as a volunteer in the Jersey line of the Continental army, and he was afterwards, until the end of the war, in that service as an officer in the Commissary department. When the first Congress under our present Constitution sat in New York, and Washington resided here as President, he was an active member of our city corporation, zealously engaged in its affairs, especially in making those arrangements (such as building the old "Federal Hall," etc.) which were proper to provide for the accommodation of the new government of the Union, and to induce its permanent location at New York. I mention these circumstances to show that Mr. Pintard was an excellent authority as to the fact he stated, and as well as to the fidelity of any likeness of Washington as President or general.

Joseph Wright was a native of New Jersey, a son of Mrs. Wright, celebrated in her day (about 1770-1795) for her successful modelling of likenesses in wax. She was, I fancy, the only worker in that line who ever attained the character and rank of an artist, which she certainly enjoyed in England. He was taken to England in his youth, and was brought up as a painter under the care and instruction of West, a near friend of his family, and of Hoppner, a good and popular painter of that day, who married his sister. Wright became respectable as a portrait painter, and followed that business for a time in London and also a little in Paris, under the countenance of Franklin. Some time before the peace of 1783 Wright returned to his native country, and was from that time employed professionally in New York and Philadelphia, until, upon the establishment of the mint of the United States, he was appointed by Washington as the draughtsman and die-sinker of the establishment. Consequently, the first coins of the United States, and, I presume, the first of the series of the Presidential medals, were from his designs. He died of the yellow fever in its terrible visitation of Philadelphia in 1793. Washington had sat to Wright twice for portraits soon after his arrival in this country. One of these was a full-length, now in possession of the son of the late Hare Powell, for whose family it was painted. This seems to have been painted before the peace of 1783. Washington sat again to Wright in 1784 for a portrait to be sent to Europe, to the Count de Solms. Some years after, when Washington had been inaugurated President, Wright, according to my recollection of Mr. Pintard's relation, was anxious to procure another sitting for some special purpose, probably to execute a commission from England. The President was fully occupied with the